

EL PASO HERALD

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An Age Of High Living

THE cost of living naturally continues the leading topic of discussion since it is about the most important one in the existence of the people of the United States and the world in general.

But have we stopped to consider that we are living at a rate that ought to cost? It is a fact that it is a lot more expensive to live today than it was ten years ago, but don't we demand more now than we did then? Yes, and a great deal more. It is a fact that we pay some more today than we did ten years ago for any commodity of an equal quality purchased at that time, but we are not satisfied today with the goods that our parents and uncles and aunts were glad to have even ten years ago. This is one of the elements of importance and the greatest one entering into the cost of living today.

Secretary Wilson declares that everybody wants the porterhouse and tenderloin steaks and there is no sale for the chuck meat any more, hence the people must pay for the whole beef when they get their choice cuts. Another man remarks that it used to be that people were willing to eat dumplings and some of the brown meat of a chicken, whereas at present everybody wants white meat fried or baked and dumplings are an unknown quantity, and so it goes, all too true.

This is where a great deal of the responsibility rests for the increased cost of living. The trusts have got in their work in the meantime, and the trusts and our own appetites satiated, the cost of living is aviationary to say the least.

An editorial in "The World Today" for March has this to say on the cost of living:

We have ceased to be thrifty. The nearest approach most of us make to that virtue is to get our banks to let us overdraw our account.

The fathers have eaten grapes and the children are eating grape-fruit. We used to buy apples by the barrel; now we buy them as we would buy jewels, each in its separate wrapper. We used to eat pot roasts; now we must have porterhouse steaks. Our wives used to help the general housework girl with the cooking; now we need two maids, a laundress and a man to wash windows. When we were boys we did chores and wore our father's old clothes; nowadays the American boy needs an allowance, stockings that match his neckties and a tuxedo jacket. We used to think it an extravagance to keep a hundred-and-fifty-dollar horse and a hundred-dollar buggy; now we buy an automobile and mortgage our house to pay for it.

"Easy come, easy go," was the old motto; "Easy come, gone before it comes," is the modern.

One chief cause of high prices is trust—our creditor's trust. Everybody wants to sell us something and charge it to our account. So we accommodate them and acquire a habit of reckless expenditure. What difference does it make whether eggs are 35 cents or 80 cents a dozen if we do not have to pay cash for them? We are spendthrifts in the midst of a credit system orgy. When we sober up, prices will come down.

Today Texas is 74 years old. Rather strong and healthy for her age.

Say what you want in a want ad and you will get results—if you put it where it is read, which means The Herald, of course.

"Fifty thousand broilers stolen," says a newspaper heading, and just as the Johnnies get interested they find that it was only a chicken roast that was raised—nothing to do with the show business at all.

A Connecticut minister says bad boys grow up to be better citizens than good boys do. Then, according to the opinion of many El Pasoans, we are going to have a mighty lot of fine citizens in this town some day.

Texas Republicans

CECIL LYON is used to those "opposition" Republican meetings. If there wasn't one every year, Cecil would consult a medium to see what the trouble was.

The Democrats are down on Cecil Lyon, "Republican boss of Texas." They say he is such a decent chap that he is hurting the Democratic party more than any chairman the Republicans have ever had.

For the same reason, the "reform" Republicans are probably after his scalp. They will have to show something they have done for the party in Texas, however, before Mr. Lyon puts his official head under the political guillotine.

Aviation is no longer a flight of fancy.

The best and surest way to get money is to work for it.

"Honesty is the best policy," but some insurance agents don't think so, judging from some of the things they say about their companies to try to get a man in.

Peary has consented to show his North Pole proofs to the Royal Geographical societies of England and Italy. Let us hope he doesn't Cook up any data for them.

If all the promised and predicted smelters are built in the southwest in the next few months, there will be enough smoke to obscure the sky. But with all that, there is mineral enough to keep them going.

Texas needs an irrigation law and the suggestions advanced by M. L. Swinehart in Saturday's Herald are worthy of every man's consideration. Mr. Swinehart is president of the Texas Irrigation congress, recently formed.

"He who laughs last, laughs best" was demonstrated when the automobilist guffawed at the man whose team he frightened and then had the humility of watching the same man pass him after he had run into a nest of broken bottles.

With the knowledge and proof that it has twice the circulation of any paper published in the southwest—a legitimate circulation gained because it is the best paper in the southwest—The Herald has a right to feel a bit proud of its distinction. But this hasn't led The Herald into the error of thinking that it is as good a paper as it shall be; every day plans are being drawn for making The Herald still better, and they are not only drawn, but they are put into execution.

El Paso is starting out the year with a shortage of moisture just as she did last year. We only had 0.10 of an inch of rain during the month just closed, while the average for February is 0.46 according to the records of the weather man. In January we had 0.21 of an inch, making a total of 0.31 for the two months, or less than a third of an inch of rain. We ought to have had 0.97 of an inch during the two months the way Col. Lane figures things, so we are short 0.66 of an inch. Hurry up the rain machine, colonel; it is crop time, you know.

UNCLE WALT'S
Denatured Poem

THROUGH fifty years of toiling, of struggling and of moiling, through good and evil sleiding, they reached their golden wedding. Through fifty years of striving, now beaten down, now thriving; of sorrow and of reaping, of laughter and of weeping; together forward treading, they reached their golden wedding. They're old, their heads are bending, they're near the journey's ending; the gloom of night advances, but peace is in their glances; they lived and loved together, in fair and stormy weather, and arm in arm they'll wander, to Eden, over yonder. This picture's most elating, since all the world is skating to Reno, Nevada, the modern El Dorado.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING
Out there the whole world hurries, in airships and in surreys, on wheels and riding horses, for bargain-sale divorces. (O, wedding vows are sickly! The law can break them quickly; the law your bonds unlooses on any old excuses. When tired of going double, some cash will end the trouble. And when life's day grows chilly, and you are old and silly, you'll have no golden wedding, no loved one with you treading; you'll count the brides you married, who with you briefly tarried; the James and Neils and Bessies, the Lauras, Sues and Jessies.

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Back Mason

WHO IS GRAHAM?
HE IS GRAHAM;
THAT'S WHO GRAHAM IS;
SABE?

Washington, D. C., March 2.—When the Democratic caucus of the house selected James M. Graham, of Illinois, as a member of the Ballinger investigating committee because the house organization would not accept Henry Rainey, most people in Washington asked "Who is Mr. Graham?" It is becoming less and less necessary to ask that question now. The Democrats seem to have uncovered a man who is perhaps one of the ablest lawyers to be found in the house; a man who has the courage of his convictions; who regards a senator as he would regard any other mortal in this vale of tears, and who says what he pleases when he pleases.

Mr. Graham, as a member of the investigating committee, has demonstrated that when he is in a room he wants to make a good job of it. If he does not like the manner in which counsel is conducting the examination, he says so in a manner that permits of but one understanding. The mere fact that the senators on the other side of the table disagree with him does not bother Mr. Graham. If reports are true, Mr. Graham has been giving his associates on the committee plenty of food for thought in the executive sessions, and present indications are that he is the man who will be selected by the Democrats to frame the minority report of the investigating committee.

Mr. Graham is a native of the Emerald Isle. He began teaching school in Illinois when 21 years old, and while teaching began the study of law. He served one term in the Illinois house and was elected state's attorney for Sangamon county. He is serving his first term in congress.

training is displayed. No member of that body, however polished as an orator, can equal Mr. Kahn when he stands before his desk and says: "Ah, yes, my countrymen, etc., etc., etc." With his long curly locks, a hand placed above the area where his heart beats, and inflections of the voice which would do credit to David Warfield, Mr. Kahn is a picturesque sight. But Mr. Kahn does not want to talk about being an actor, and so everybody talks about it.

Mr. Kahn does not want to talk about being an actor, and so everybody talks about it.

Great Minds Always Taught
Tenderness To the Animals

A Plea for the Dog and Kindness to "Man's Best Friend"

Editor El Paso Herald.

We are glad that an effort in behalf of the animal is to be made, something done, as spoken of in Saturday's Herald by "Woman Dog Owner."

The condition of the animal calls for consideration. A far reaching sympathy, a broader scope, embracing more than the dog—humane on all lines. We all doubtless know that the responsibility of the dog's position in our homes rests with man; dog was domesticated by him. Long ago the dog was but a scavenger, wild and feared, tolerated only for its use. Man gradually tamed and taught it.

In its earliest and worst condition, it called for humane treatment; now that it looks to us as its master and loves us, we must respond. Love is a divine attribute and we have proof of the affection of our animals. Should we not give them care, feed, water, baths, comfortably bed and make happy these dumb friends? Nor do I hold these views alone. A grand gallery of cultured men and women bear me company. I will mention a few. If I err please set me right, as I depend upon memory as to data in some cases.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written a pathetic little story of a dog and a man, called "Jonathan and David." Read it; it will help you.

John Ruskin says: "Whatever else you may be you must not be useless, and you must not be cruel. God dislikes idle and cruel people more than any other."

Abraham Lincoln said: "I must go back and help that hog out of the mire."

William Cowper: "I would not trust a man who would with his foot needlessly crush a worm." His appreciation of God's creatures inspired the poem, "The Dog and the Water Lily," from his pen.

Alexander Stephens: "No, I could not look at the poor thing (wounded bird) without crying. This man's physical weakness did not bespeak mental or moral inactivity. Here is proof. I am afraid of nothing on earth, or about the earth, or under the earth, except to do wrong. The path of duty I shall endeavor to travel, fearing no evil and dreading no consequences." If you have read this bright man's life, you know how kind he was to animals, how intelligent they were taught by him. Our animals are what we make them.

Shakespeare, with his beloved hound:

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Chewing Gum Industry

GUM CHEWING A HABIT FOR AGES;
CHICLE DISCOVERED IN MEXICO

By
Frederic
J. Haskin

NEARLY three billion sticks of chewing gum will be manufactured in the United States this year, and most of it will be chewed as fast as it is made. There are numerous factories scattered throughout the country, and it is said that few industries show greater cleanliness of operation than the rule in the American chewing gum establishment. A report of the department of commerce and labor declares that the second-cleanest factory of any kind inspected by that department was one where chewing gum was made.

How It Is Made.
The process by which the gum is made is full of interest. Its basis is chicle gum, and this is boiled to the required consistency in copper kettles, after which is added the flavoring and the necessary sugar to give it sweetness.

It is then transferred to large centrifugal receivers, whipped into dough and then removed to tables where it is kneaded in powdered sugar. After this it is rolled into sheets, cut to the desired size, dried, wrapped by machinery and placed in boxes for marketing.

Repeated attempts have been made to mix or adulterate chicle, or to get a substitute for it, but there seems to be no substitute except spruce gum, about 15,000 pounds of which are gathered in the woods of Maine each year. Of course this is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the amount of chicle brought into the United States from Central America.

Chicle is not medicinally valuable, but has proved an excellent vehicle for carrying such drugs as peppermint. A British chemist has held spruce chewing gum to be a drug, and under the English pure-drug act a druggist was fined for selling some that contained less than the amount called for by the label.

The mastication of gums goes with chewing gum produces a flow of saliva which is highly beneficial in certain forms of stomach trouble. While gum chewing has been principally an American habit, the people of other countries are becoming initiated to its delights. A big American manufacturer estimates that the United States produces enough annually to give two sticks to each man, woman and child on earth.

Imported from Tropics.

Chicle comes to us from tropical America at the rate of more than 5,000,000 pounds a year, and costs in the raw state about \$2,000,000 annually. The tree which bears it is to be found in the dense forests of the tropics. The operation in its gathering is not dissimilar to that of gathering maple syrup in the United States.

A chicle gatherer has little more equipment than the versatile machete and a piece of rope. He places the rope around his waist and the trunk of the tree, which enables him to scale it as conveniently as a telephone line-man goes up a pole with the aid of a rope. He makes notches in the tree into which the sap flows. Later he comes around and gathers it, securing from 10 to 15 pounds a day in the height of the season. A tree may be tapped for 25 years.

An effort is being made by the growers to induce the men to work by the week, as their ambition to make good wages by the so-much-per-pound system has resulted in great harm to the trees.

Yield of the Trees.

Planted 200 to the acre, the trees yield 2000 pounds of gum annually. Land where they will grow sells at from \$3 to \$15 per acre. The wood resembles mahogany, and door and window frames made of it are still in an excellent state of preservation in the prehistoric ruins of Mexico. It is in great demand by cabinet-makers. The tree grows to maturity in a little less than 50 years.

When the sap is gathered it has a milky appearance which changes to yellow when exposed to the air. It is carried to the boiling sheds where it is concentrated to the proper consistency, then kneaded into loaves and made ready for export. The duty on it is 10 cents a pound, and was laid only after the hardest sort of a fight when the Payne-Aldrich bill was framed.

The chewing of gum is by no means a new habit. Our fathers chewed birch-bark, slippery elm and shoe-maker's wax years upon years ago, but even their pleasure in molar activity and nicotine was not so intense as Columbus left behind him a letter which proves conclusively that chewing gum was used more than 400 years ago, and that he regarded it as of sufficient importance to offer some of it to Ferdinand and Isabella as a part of his inducement to them to finance his second expedition to the new world.

He offered to bring them as much

gold as they would need, as many slaves as their navy would require, chewing gum, spices, etc. The gum, he said, was to come from Chios, and it has been reasoned from this that the chewing gum of Columbus's day was a sort of gummy clay, which was reputed to have medicinal qualities.

But the habit of chewing gum may be traced even beyond Columbus's time. According to an ancient Sanskrit poem the soft-eyed Hindoo maiden, even in the times when the Aryan sun-worshippers were a budding "kashmir" habit, the habit of chewing "kashmir" gums, which were supposed to sweeten the breath, reddened the lips and put color into the cheeks.

Chicle in Mexico.

The story of the discovery of the availability of chicle for chewing purposes reads like a romance and involves some of the leading characters of American history. If Gen. Sam Houston had been based Santa Anna from Texas, or if the attempt to make gum shoes from chicle had not proved a failure, the chewing gum habit as America knows it, might not have been acquired by our people.

Back in the forties a young man from New Jersey went to Mexico, where he made the acquaintance of Santa Anna. He spent some time in that country and then returned home. When Santa Anna was banished from Texas, he went to New York, looked up the young friend of his better days and, it is said, lived with him incognito for some time. During his stay he suggested to his host that the sap of a certain Mexican tree might be turned into gum overflows. When he returned to Mexico he sent a bale of raw, hard gum for experimentation. The effort to prepare the stuff for gum shoes was a failure, and a big chunk of it was relegated to the woodshed as useless.

Fortunes Made in Gum.

But the boys of the neighborhood soon added the "best" to the "worst." They began whittling off pieces of the gum for chewing purposes. This was a suggestion to the father and he again got out his kettle paraphernalia. This time he made it into unflavored gum and placed it upon the market. By doing so he laid the foundation of a princely fortune.

The next proposition was to get flavoring into the gum. This was a task to which the embryo chewing gum millionaire was not equal, so he employed an Englishman, who was an amateur chemist, to conduct a series of experiments for him. The chemist borrowed \$200 from outside sources and with this perfected the original process of flavoring chicle gum.

From that time the success of the chewing gum business was assured. Today those boys, who taught their father to secret a utilitarian, the old junk in his woodshed, are millionaires. Before they gave him the tip that was to develop into a great fortune, he was doing odd jobs around Jersey City. From this small beginning has grown a business which amounts to more than \$30,000,000 a year. It has made millions of more families than this one, and has helped to pay the rent of thousands of stores, small and large, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Factories Sell to Trade.
Some of the big factories of today sell their own gum to the trade. Others are simply manufacturers for the trade, and their business is to make gum in any quantity and in sticks of any size, prepared ready for the wrapper. In this way any person who is willing to pay for the expense of manufacture can put a brand of his own on the market and tempt millions to come his way. One can buy gum at all prices from five cents a package down to one cent for five sticks.

It is said that while the aggregate sales of chewing gum are growing because of the increase of the habit in rural districts, the competition of the nickelodeon and other rivals for children's pin-money is seriously felt in the cities. If the practices of the chewing gum factory were generally adopted, it would mean ruin to the business. The operatives are prohibited from chewing gum while on duty. On the other hand, berry growers furnish their pickers with gum in order to keep them from loafing in idleness while pursuing their work.

Gum Slot Machines.
The advent of the chewing gum slot machine as an automatic salesman did more to stimulate a demand for pennies and nickels than any other agency except the street car.

It now requires an annual supply of about 100,000,000 pennies and more than 50,000,000 five cent pieces to meet the demands of the trade. It is said that the penny works offener in buying newspapers and penny-in-the-slot gum than for any other purpose.

Tomorrow—Sea Island Cotton.

The Tired
Business Man

Tells Friend Wife That Low Honor
Makes High Prices.

—BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

"W" WOULD make fun of the farmer and now look at the high prices," exclaimed the Tired Business Man. "Laugh and the prices grow fat. Also get the last laugh, because it will be the last laugh very quickly if the farmer gets piqued and puts the prices up so high that there won't be a laugh left in us. It's the first time I ever knew that there was a sympathetic nerve between the funnybone and the T-bone."

"Low human makes high prices," commented the Tired Business Man. "Laugh and the prices grow fat. Also get the last laugh, because it will be the last laugh very quickly if the farmer gets piqued and puts the prices up so high that there won't be a laugh left in us. It's the first time I ever knew that there was a sympathetic nerve between the funnybone and the T-bone."

"I suppose because farmers are supposed to be so horny handed that they are thin skinned. Otherwise this man wouldn't say that because comic strips print side splitting pictures of farmers being kicked through the roof by the pet bee and stung by the family cows their sons become ashamed of the honest profession of rubbing and hitting for the metropolises. It seems that while the old man has to stand it, the boy comes to town, where he can wear a celluloid collar, and be a shine in society. Hence the old man makes hay while the sun shines."

"Do you actually believe that the high cost of living is due to the farmer being deserted by the young men who can't pick up a comic paper without seeing some picture of a Jasper with his facial foliage inhabited by birds and field mice buying a gold brick from a handsome city chap with polished manners and fingernails? Just because the comics always show the smart city nephew putting up tricks on the old yep, does that offset those thousands in the bank and the good-as-gold grain in the granary?"

"It goes against the grain's price," he said. "I notice these same comic artists depicting the packers with steers' horns or pigs' faces and hoofs and paunches, but I fail to hear of any sensitive ones of the stockyards barons breaking a gray from the old stabber to be his milliners or muckraking magazine aristocrats."

"The farmer boy doesn't come to the city to be a glass crash in society and wear mortised evening coats on a princely stipend of seven pence, thus cutting down the arms of the old nabobs. Numbers that can combine if old Peaceful Valley has a big wheat or corn farm with a side line of porthouse on the hoof. Pick up any magazine and you'll see some article about the modern farmer, illustrated by photographs showing a grange meeting of these old hayseeds that looks like a Vanderbilt cup race, there are so many automobiles in sight. If your young yokel is going to give up a six cylinder car, the heritage of a gold mine wheat field, and the right to leave his collar off six days in the week for the doubtful advantage of a ball bedroom resembling a coffin, a chance to stand up in a subway or elevated car to and from work daily, and a weekly chance at the boarding house bath tub if he puts in his application to work in advance, then he deserves to belittle all he sees in the comic supplement."

"What do the farmers do to offset it? There are plenty of city chaps being urged to go to the farm. If they go out there in vacation time it's no Sunday supplement humor, but a Monday-to-Saturday comic for them. The humorous yeomanry send the unfortunate youth for left handed monkeywrenches, long walks across unbroomed fields for 'stray oil,' and as a good, slambang climax, what the comic artists call 'the crash,' he is induced to milk the cow from the wrong side. Business of city chap being dispersed over the neighboring landscape, and one would-be farmer discouraged forever. If any milk is kicked over in the excitement, the price goes up. The city chap may descend to earth, but prices stay up."

"Is there no hope?" asked Friend Wife.

"Sure," said the Tired Business Man. "With the farmers boosting prices for comic artists will soon die of starvation."

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THE AUTOMATIC DOOR.

(Contributed.)
El Paso leads in all that's up-to-date, and then some more. Hast ridden in her brand new car With automatic door?

I have; and shall remember till I reach the other shore My first surprised encounter with The automatic door.

I thought to swing on moving car. As off I'd done before; I missed the step and bumped into The automatic door.

My hat fell off, my glasses broke, And — but I was sore As that proud car sped swiftly by With automatic door.

I waited for the next to make The specified "full-stop." And lost a minute waiting for The rear-end step to drop.

My street was called, the car "full" And then, somebody swore: For no one on that car could budge The automatic door.

And there I was imprisoned, and My sweetest waiting for Her lover to embrace her. Dash, The automatic door!

14 Years Ago Today
TEXAS INDEPENDENCE DAY;
COUNTY COURT OPENS TERM

Judge Hunter opened court this morning, when he set the probate docket for Tuesday at 2 p. m., and the criminal docket for 2 o'clock the following morning.

The Lone Star flag floats from the courthouse today in commemoration of Texas independence.

The Confederate Veterans hold their annual election tonight.

W. A. Walter has prepared a plan for the proposed monument to president Benito Juarez, of Mexico, which will be erected in the sister city.

Col. E. W. S. Neff addressed the Y. M. C. A. yesterday.

C. F. Parker, who took Harry Flato's place as city ticket agent in this city, has resigned, and will return to the Golden state next Wednesday. His place will be taken here by H. N. Parsons.

Sigfried Aronstein leaves tonight on a three months' tour of Germany.

Nothing has been heard of Miss Shipley, who was reported missing in St. Louis some time ago.

Deputy sheriff J. C. Jones is wearing a sunny smile on account of the arrival of twins at his home, one a boy and the other a girl.

Alex. Hill, the mayor's cook, was arrested last night on a charge of whipping his wife, and the mayor had to cook his own breakfast this morning.

Garrett has started on the trail of the murderers of Col. A. J. Fountain and his son.

The McInty band practices tonight, when the new selection, "The Monas-

Knock, and you knock alone.

Knock, and you knock alone.

Knock, and you knock alone.

Knock, and you knock alone.

Knock, and you knock alone.

Knock, and you knock alone.